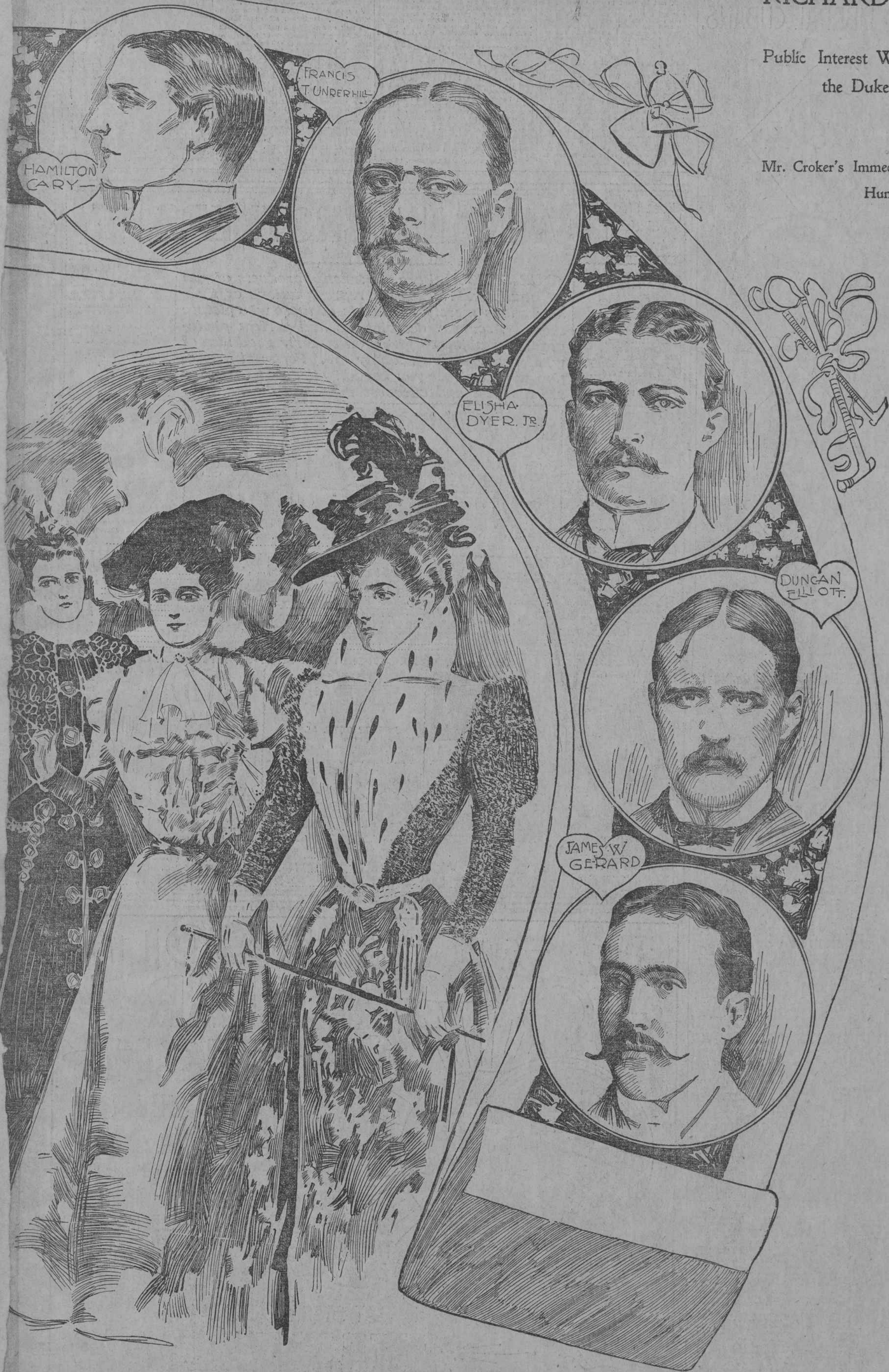


RICHARD CROKER'S BOX.

Public Interest Will Center There as It Did About
the Duke of Marlborough and Prince
Luigi of Savoy.

Mr. Croker's Immediate Neighbors Will Be of the Exclusive
Hunting Set That Has Made
Hempstead Famous.



Mrs. Smith's maiden name was Briggs, and she was the daughter of a hotel keeper when Charles Talbot Smith, whose father, Colonel Howard Smith, was one of Newport's wealthiest citizens, fell in love with her and married her.

Mr. Smith lived only a few years after his marriage. Then his widow spent her time between Newport and Narragansett Pier.

She became intimately acquainted with Mrs. de la Mar, whose beauty first enraptured the frequenters of the Pier, then created a ripple of surprise in the Metropolitan Opera House during the musical season, and finally took Paris by storm when her somewhat older and much less handsome husband, Colonel Joseph de la Mar, former miner and general seeker after fortune, took her to the gay French capital, after having made up his mind that New York society was too hard a game for even one of his enterprising dispositions.

Mrs. Smith, in the opinion of certain Newporters at least, was quite as beautiful in face and figure as Mrs. de la Mar. The result was that both ladies were continually surrounded with the most ardent admirers.

It is even said that a certain old chapple who has been a Newport figure for years and who will be conspicuous in the coming Horse Show, was so enamored of Mrs. Smith that he actually followed her to Paris.

But that is a bit of Newport gossip which must be taken with a grain of salt. The Summer colony at Newport is always only too anxious to gossip about the Summer colony at Narragansett Pier. The Pier has its innings, however, and possibly if gossip were matched against gossip it would be a stand-off between the two.

But that's another story. The fact is that Mr. Hanan met Mrs. Smith at Narragansett Pier, and the immediate result was a friendship which quickly developed into love.

There were suppers at the Casino and dinner parties aboard Mr. Hanan's yacht, and even away back in the Summer of 1896 we heard that the two were engaged to be married. It was at the close of that season that Mrs. Smith went to Paris, as we are told, to spend the Winter with Mrs. de la Mar.

On her return last Spring she was met by Mr. Hanan, and the old round of pleasures was renewed. It leaked out toward the end of last season at Newport that Mr. Hanan and Mrs. Smith had been quietly married, but for reasons best known to themselves they had kept the marriage secret.

It is now understood that the secret is out and that the announcement of the marriage will soon be made formally.

Charley Delmonico is going to open his new house to-morrow night. At any rate, that is the general impression in town. Charley himself will not admit it. He won't even admit that he has a new house.

He seems to have a sort of notion that if he were to tell anybody anything about his plans that something might go wrong. Possibly he is right. It happens that superstitious people sometimes are.

Nevertheless, an appreciative public has made it its business to find out when the new Delmonico's is to be opened, and it is pretty well satisfied that to-morrow will be the day.

Many people have secured tables to dine there at the time, and some of these have come from as far away as Boston and Philadelphia.

So it will be seen that with all the care Mr. Delmonico has taken to keep his opening a secret he has failed in the attempt. Not only does the public know, but it has booked all the tables in spite of the proprietor's efforts to keep them in the dark.

I understand that certain ambitious amateur photographers have made mild and desperate efforts to photograph the new Delmonico dining room.

As one who has the ease and comfort and general enjoyment of his fellow men at heart, I would advise all such people to desist.

Charley Delmonico doesn't like to have anything that belongs to him photographed, and anybody that photographs either Mr. Delmonico or his property against his will is likely to rue it.

One instance will be enough to satisfy the reader of the truth of this statement.

Several months ago a certain member of the Lambs' Club, Jack Milley by name, thought to do Charley Delmonico a great pleasure. He was somewhat interested in amateur photography and had a friend who was a perfect fiend at it. He conceived the brilliant idea of photographing not only Delmonico's, but Delmonico at one and the same time. He waited for his opportunity.

It finally came when he found Charley Delmonico one evening at dinner time sitting in the corner of the cafe quietly smoking a cigarette. Every table in the place was occupied, and the scene was one of such prosperity and of such public appreciation of Delmonico's service, that it seemed to Mr. Jack Milley that a reproduction of it must simply delight the soul of the proprietor.

Therefore he surreptitiously trained a camera on the charming scene. The most conspicuous figure in the focus was that of Charley Delmonico himself. Mr. Jack Milley was not nearly so skilful a photographer as his friend, so he surrendered the camera to his accomplice and undertook the less artistic labor of setting off the flashlight.

Just as everything was in that serene condition which follows the eating of a good dinner and Charley Delmonico was lighting a fresh cigarette and all his guests were assuming various easy attitudes conducive to digestion, Mr. Jack Milley's friend gave the signal and Mr. Jack Milley touched a lighted match to a plate of illuminating powder.

There was a flash, a pun and Delmonico's was filled with a thick, permeating smoke that set everybody to coughing and brought the proprietor to his feet with a howl of astonishment and rage.

He rushed wildly to the camera, kicked it into the street, ordered Mr. Jack Milley and his friend out of the house and forbade that inventive and kindly disposed gentleman to re-enter his premises for six months.

This sentence of banishment was rigorously enforced, and it was half a year to the day before Mr. Jack Milley was permitted to again see the inside of Delmonico's, except through the window from the street.

When he finally did get back he got into an argument with another patron of the institution and they both waxed so warm in dispute that they finally came to blows and Mr. Milley was again banished for six months. But that is an immaterial incident to the main story.

The point that I wish to emphasize is that Charley Delmonico does not wish to have either his old place or his new place photographed, and any man that attempts it will do so at his peril.

Surely all New Yorkers will agree that there could be no greater punishment than to be banished from Delmonico's.

That an old love is a lasting love was illustrated recently when Mrs. Langtry's horse Merman won the Cesarewitch at Newmarket.

Mr. Homer Bass had entered in this race a very lively mare that he called Love Wisely. Many good judges thought that this animal had some chance to win a stake. But when Mr. Bass saw that Mrs. Langtry's horse was going to the post he scratched his entry.

This act recalled to many people the fact that years ago Mr. Bass was one of Mrs. Langtry's most earnest admirers.

Their conclusion is that the old time admiration led to the withdrawal of the mare. Others less sentimental and with a greater knowledge of the respective merits of the horses, hold that Mr. Bass's action was more a case of scratch wisely than Love Wisely.

AND BEAUX WHO WILL APPEAR AT THE HORSE SHOW IN THE NEXT SIX DAYS.